The Mission of Woman.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED ON THE EVENING OF THE ANNIVERSARY

OF

PUTNAM FEMALE SEMINARY;

AUGUST 11, 1846.

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President of Marietta College.

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ADDRESS.

Bishop Whately, in his chapter upon the art of persuasion, cites, in illustration of his subject, the case of a merchant of Amsterdam, who had all his life long dealt largely in the article of corn, whilst yet, during that whole life, he had never once seen a field of wheat growing. He had had large experience about corn. He possessed an accurate judgment of its various qualities, of the best methods of storing it, of the proper times for buying and selling; but the bishop apprehends, after all, he would have made but an indifferent lecturer upon agriculture; upon the proper methods of cultivating the very commodity, in which he had dealt so largely and so long. In like manner, it is not impossible, that a man may, all his life, have mingled freely in female society, may have become an accurate judge of female character, may be able to enumerate correctly the constituents which should compose it, may have given practical proof of his powers of discrimination by the selection of a companion for life possessed of a character as nearly perfect as appertains to humanity; whilst yet he would be very poorly qualified to inform us precisely how such a character might be produced.—In the same connection the bishop remarks, "that the longest practice in conducting a business in one way does not necessarily confer any experience in conducting it in a different way. An experienced husbandman, for example, or Minister of State in Persia, would be much at a loss in Europe. If they had some things less to learn than an entire novice, on the other hand, they would have much to unlearn."—Into a fallacy of the first description, all persons are in danger of falling, who, without any actual experience in the business of teaching, are yet accurate judges of female character, and upon this basis venture to promulgate their theories of female Edu-

cation. A fallacy of the latter description, the speaker of this evening has probably actually practiced upon himself, in venturing, upon the basis of an experience of some years in the business of collegiate Education, to consent to speak, for the first time in his life, upon the subject of the education of woman.

I shall present no new theories. In my remarks I do not wish to be considered as addressing myself to any particular class of persons; either to young ladies or matrons, to young gentlemen or old gentlemen, but to society at large. I shall attempt nothing, but to give expression to the profound convictions of my own mind in relation to the dignity of the Mission of Woman, in the triple character of teacher, wife and mother, and to present, as I pass along, the inference which necessarily flows from those convictions, if correct, touching the duty of society to sustain and patronize institutions of elevated character, like that a regard to whose interests, has convened us this evening, designed to aid in developing woman's mind, and in furnishing her for her dignified and blessed work.

1. Let us look then at woman in the character of teacher.

It is interesting to notice, in the progress of civilization, the reciprocal action of its elements in producing each other; at least in a state of society where this mutual influence is left unrestricted by arbitrary authority, and permitted to work out its natural results.—The development of individual mind tends directly to stimulate social improvement, and social improvement leaves individual mind the leisure, and furnishes it with the facilities to grow. These two combined, according to the best authority, constitute the true idea of civilization. To illustrate my meaning and apply it to the point in hand. In the days of Helen and Penelope, of Arete and Nausicaa, the very noblest vocation of woman was to ply the needle, the distaff and the loom.

> "With earnest gait,
> Seek thou the queen along the rooms of state;
> Her royal hand a wondrous work designs.
> Around, a circle of bright damsels shines;
> Part twist the threads, and part the wool dispose,
> While with the purple orb the spindle glows."

We find the heroines of the blind old bard of Chios, queens, princesses and noble ladies often engaged in other occupations, whic

our more advanced ideas of the dignity of woman would be slow to tolerate. Higher employments than those I have named she seems not to have known. In fact, down to the days of our grand-mothers, the spinning wheel, the swift and the loom continued to be no unusual implements of female industry, even in families of the first respectability. They are respectable now, and in a state of society where common sense is not overborne by frivolity the tokens of honest industry will never cease to be reputable. But then, the progress of society may, by possibility, change the forms of industry, and transfer it to higher spheres. Has it not actually done so in the present case? Or is not such at least its tendency? Let us see, by a single illustration. In the days of our grand-fathers, manufacturing establishments were as rare and as rude as they are now frequent and perfect. The cost of the manufactured article stood in so high a ratio to the value of the raw material that the farmer, who for example produced wool, could better afford to manufacture it upon his own premises, even in a rude way, than to pay to others the cost of that manufacture. The division of labor had not yet wrought out its desired results. Of course this multitude of different processes occupied his hands and his mind and those of his family, and confined them to the grosser and more entirely mechanical parts of his vocation. Mark now the influence of the progress of society upon individual intelligence and progress, in the case of the farmer himself. The progress of society, in this single development of it, at length so simplifies and cheapens the process of manufacturing wool, that the farmer can no longer afford to perform the work himself. It is better done, and done more cheaply, elsewhere. What is the result? The result is, that the farmer is robbed of a part of his labor. But is it an actual robbery? Is he or his family worse clothed or fed or housed or cared for? On the contrary, he has grown rich under the deprivation. He has found leisure to study the science of his vocation. The processes which now occupy his attention are fewer, better understood, better performed, and of course more productive, more lucrative. He is now a scientific agriculturalist; a scientific wool-grower. He is now a nobler specimen of man. He is not the less industrious, but his industry has assumed a new form; a form bearing directly upon

the development and progress of the man himself in the higher attributes of his being.

But what is the influence of this change, for this is the point which now especially concerns us, upon the wool-grower's wife and daughters? Its influence may be two-fold, according to the good sense or folly, the good principle or no-principle of the parties concerned. We will suppose an extreme case; a case in which the progress of society has left them unbroken leisure. Their time is all at their own disposal. What will they do? What may be the result of this change? It may convert them into fine ladies; into self-dressing automata; into flirting, fainting, mincing, waltzing, gentility-aping, dawdling fine ladies. Their dressing room is their sanctum. Their toilet is the altar upon which their best affections are sacrificed. If a Bible is found upon it, it is bound in embossed morocco, scented with musk, and never opened but to insert a mark of gold beads at the record of births, deaths, and marriages. The company of the holy book moreover is well described in the alliterations of the bard of Twickenham:

"Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux."

Is this the "chief end" of woman? Did the Great Father form her to become a locomotive "dry-goods sign"? a traveling show-case of fancy articles? Let us hope the wool-grower's wife and daughters will take higher views than this of the dignity of Woman's Mission. Let us hope they will understand that they owe something to society, whose evolutions have thrown them upon the sunny side of the ball of fortune. Let us hope they have been taught the doctrine, and taught it with a strength of conviction which goes down to the bottom of their souls, that to be happy they must be useful. Let us hope that the mother feels her obligation to be a nobler woman; a better, tidier, more economical, more hospitable house-keeper, a more intelligent wife, a more devoted mother, a kinder neighbor, a more sincere and benevolent Christian. Let us hope that the daughters, in like manner, will understand wherein lies the true dignity of woman; that they will consider themselves bound to become more intelligent in proportion as they have more leisure; more useful to society than if society had left them still to turn the spinning wheel, and still to fly the shuttle. Let us hope, in a word, that in seeking modes of useful action, some of them at least will decide to assume the hon-

orable vocation of teacher. Behold woman then, looking forward to one of the spheres for which she is best fitted by Providence.—Her gentleness, her patience, her natural love of the young, her high moral susceptibilities, her native intellectual endowments, all point her out as the natural teacher of young children of both sexes, and as a perfectly suitable instructor of the youth of her own sex through the whole course of school discipline. In what way can woman repay the debt which she owes to civilization more nobly, more usefully, more perfectly, than by contributing her labors in a sphere for which she is so eminently fitted by nature, in augmenting the store of popular intelligence, in raising still higher the reservoir of that public knowledge, that Christian civilization, which even at its present elevation has so richly blessed herself? And what a field of effort in this capacity is spread out around us.

It appears from the Report of our Secretary of State to the last Legislature, that almost 200,000 of the citizens of Ohio can neither read nor write. Of these, 150,000 are children and youth between the ages four and twenty. Who is to stem this torrent of ignorance? The Secretary declares his conviction that it must be done in a good measure by woman. In answer to the question, whether females are as competent to perform the duty as males, the Secretary remarks: "They must be subjected to the same scrutiny, and from the unobtrusiveness of the sex, it may be presumed that their real attainments are superior to those which will be apparent in the embarrassing circumstances of an examination. It is probable they will be better qualified; as the young lady, who engages in teaching, does it with the purpose of making it her exclusive employment, until a higher *engagement* calls for her time and devotion. She will consequently, acquire an impassioned attachment for the vocation, which cannot be attained by one, who embarks in the business merely to fill a vacuum in his employment." "Who so well fitted," exclaims the Secretary, "to hush the turbulence of passion, restrain the impatience and perverseness of unkind temper, administer affectionate reproof, and win the wayward to the pleasantness of wisdom's ways? Who so qualified to cultivate the young affections, to breathe upon them purity and fervor, to clothe them with the panoply of virtue? Who so well calculated to inspire reverence for parental authority, respect for the social relations, to unfold the

beauty of moral scenery, to clothe vice with horror and virtue with attractiveness?" How noble, how dignified and inspiring to a rightly constituted mind, is this view of one of the most important features of the Mission of Woman. How wide the field. How inviting. How full of promise of high usefulness in the cause of patriotism, humanity and religion. No other public efforts, save only those of the sacred desk, and these not always, exceed in importance those high and delightful duties, to which the intellectual exigencies of our country summon, as with the tongue of a trumpet, the service of her daughters. Behold the field. Behold the labor. What young lady to whom Providence has submitted the choice between the insipidity of a life of uselessness, of false gentility, and the ennobling stimulus of a life like this, can fail to listen to the call of patriotism and religion? Methinks I hear the united voices of the wool-grower's daughters, yea and the wool-grower's not only, but the wheat-grower's also, the clergyman's, the lawyer's the physician's, the mechanic's the merchant's replying to the summons;— with joyful look, with hearts bent upon active usefulness, and fortified by the love of those noble institutions of liberty, whose blessings they have shared so largely, to bear with meekness every trial of the vocation, saying, "lo here are we, send us." Right nobly spoken out, my sisters. Right nobly spoken out. But hark. One word in your ear. The scrutiny of which the Secretary speaks, are you exactly prepared for that? And if you can bear that scrutiny, can you meet unfalteringly the scrutiny of your own conscience?— Are you sure that you possess the full measure of mental development and moral discipline, which will qualify you, in the best manner in your power, to unfold and train those buds and plants of immortal promise, which shall be committed to your culture. The materials to be placed in your forming hand are soft now, and pliable as wax; they will presently become hard as tablets of steel.— Your work shall remain unerased forever. Upon those yielding materials, you will impress the image of your own mind, not as you could wish it to be, but as it is. Are you willing to behold that image reproduced? and reproduced not merely, but indefinitely multiplied and stamped upon the pages of Eternity? Estimate aright, I pray you, the dignity and eternal moment of the teacher's calling, and prepare for it accordingly.

The teacher must understand, in the first place, perfectly how to organize a school; on what principles to classify it; the relative amount of time proper to be devoted to the various subjects of study; the various exercises and amusements which can properly claim a place in the attention of the little community over which she presides; the best modes of combining them with study, so that they shall conspire harmoniously to accomplish the great design of the school, to train the minds and the hearts of the pupils, to stimulate interest, and to develope and preserve their physical powers.

In order to success in a portion of this work, the teacher must have made herself familiar with the great laws of mind, both intellectual and moral. She must know, for example, that it is as true of mind as it is of matter, that like produces like; that fretfulness will produce fretfulness, and anger anger, and love love. She must know that the emotive faculties of our nature cannot be approached by direct appeal. She must know how to stimulate and successfully call forth the intellectual powers. Of course she must be familiar with their laws. Says an English writer in substance, for I quote from memory, "if I wish to send my maid to market for a variety of articles, I do not say to her, Betty, you may go to market this morning, and purchase some butter and wax and starch and salt and whiting and soap and pepper and a brush and some indigo. She would forget half of them, and be vexed into the bargain. I should rather say, Betty, we shall want for our dinner table to-day, some butter, some salt and some pepper. After dinner, you know, you will need some whiting to rub the spoons, some wax to rub the table, and a brush to polish it withal. And as we are to wash to-morrow, will it not save you steps to procure at the same time some starch, some soap and some indigo? Can you remember them all, Betty? Three articles for the dinner table, three for cleaning the dinner furniture and three for the wash-room? Perfectly well, replies the maid." An exact knowledge of the laws of memory is plainly of the utmost importance to the teacher of children. The same is true in a greater or less degree of every faculty of the mind.

It is not sufficient, again, for the teacher to know exactly as much about the subject upon which she is to impart instruction as is con-

tained in the text-book used. To illustrate this point, I shall quote a passage from an unpublished address recently delivered before an association of teachers by a sensible and successful instructor in mathematics. "It may," says he, "appear paradoxical, that he who has been himself instructed and well instructed in Grammar, Geography or Arithmetic should not be well qualified to teach these branches to others. Any mechanic, it may be said, who is skillful himself, can certainly instruct another in his art. I admit it, and yet I maintain my proposition in relation to school instruction.—Let us take Arithmetic. It may be viewed either as a collection of practical rules, to be applied mechanically to the purposes of business, or as a part, the first part, of a magnificent science. The mere arithmetician must regard it in the former light. To him it is a mere body of rules. It is hardly a system as he views it. General and comprehensive views of it, as a science, are beyond him. Of the art of Arithmetic he knows something; of the science, little or nothing. Now it is most certainly desirable, that one who is to teach a particular branch of study should know its relations to other branches, should be able to take comprehensive views of the whole subject. On this account, if there were no other reason, the teacher who is to give a school of young people all the instruction in Arithmetic which they are ever to receive, should himself be something of a mathematician.

Again, in these days it is expected that scholars, when called upon, will always be ready to give the reasons for the various operations which they perform. If for instance you ask the pupil why he multiplies by half the number of months in order to find the interest of a certain principal at six per cent, it is expected that he can tell you. If the book which he studies does not contain the necessary explanations, the teacher must supply all deficiencies. Now in all our modern arithmetics, I find such problems as these. 'The diameter of a circle being given, required the area.' And the rule is, 'multiply the square of the diameter by ,7854.' And again, 'to find the solid contents of a sphere, cube the diameter and multiply by ,5236.' As the boy has been made to tell why the rules given in other problems are correct, he will most probably in such cases as these, seeing no explanation in the book, ask it of his teacher.—'Why,' he will say, 'shall I multiply the square of the diameter by

,7854 rather than by any other number, to find the area of a circle'? 'And to find the solidity of a sphere, why do I use the cube of the diameter instead of the square as in the other case? And why ,5236 instead of ,6236?' To these questions and many more of similar character, I see not how the teacher who is ignorant of Geometry, can give any other answer than the summary but not very satisfactory one, I don't know. Now school boys may sometimes ask very troublesome questions, which it would puzzle a wise head to answer. But those to which I have referred are all fair questions. The rules to which they refer are stated as positively as any in the book. 'The arithmetic maker must know them to be true,' the boy says to himself, 'or he would not have inserted them,' and he wonders at the ignorance of his teacher."

Thus far the writer whom I have quoted. The same course of reasoning is obviously true of almost every subject of school instruction. Geography, for example, cannot be perfectly understood, much less perfectly taught without a knowledge of Astronomy. If this view of the intellectual qualifications of the teacher is correct, what shall we say of the moral sense or the common sense either of those teachers or their examiners, of whom the Secretary of State furnishes us specimens in his Report. "Elevated," says he, "and commanding as the talents and attainments of a teacher ought to be, one obtains license to teach orthography, who replied to the question, can you spell ocean, that there were two ways of spelling it, otion and oshion; another who spelled philosophy, filosefey; and another who spelled the common word earthly, erthley. Upon others were bestowed the license to teach arithmetic, one of whom could not tell how many cwt. are in a ton; another who was ignorant of the multiplication table; and another who could not tell the cost of 9 cords of wood at $\$1,37\frac{1}{2}$ per cord. Another was licensed to teach geography, who in reply to the question, how is Virginia bounded? answered, on the east by Maryland, and on the north by Tennessee."

But I must check myself, or I shall exhaust your patience. If any person in examining the course of study indicated in the programm of the Putnam Female Seminary, should have noted with surprise the extensiveness of the mathematical course, and asked himself the question, of what use are all these figures to a woman?

let the view which has been presented of the relations of woman to society in the character of teacher, even if this were the only reason which could be assigned, furnish a sufficient answer. It is not however the only reason for a thorough course of study, in the education of woman, either in mathematics or in any other branch of useful knowledge. Woman has a soul as capable of deriving intense delight from perpetual mental expansion, from high intellectual attainment as man. It is wrong that she is not more generally put in possession of the means of enjoying it. Multiply institutions, with courses of study like this, and the assertion of La Place touching the women of Europe could not long be made of those of America.—Upon finishing his great work the Mècanique Cèleste, he is said to have remarked that only two women in Europe could read it, Madam Hogg and Madam Somerville. At a subsequent day he ascertained, that by one of those singular metamorphoses through which woman sometimes passes, losing not indeed her personality but her name, Madam Hogg had become Madam Somerville; that these two distinguished female mathematicians were one and the same person, and that his duality of female readers was in fact a unit.

We have thus glanced at one vocation in the Mission of Woman, that of teacher. The relation of a Seminary, like that whose anniversary examination you have to-day attended, to the public welfare, in fitting woman for this station is too obvious to require a statement. Much do I question that man's religion, still more his patriotism, and altogether his intelligence, who can fail to bid such institutions God speed; who is not interested in their success, jealous for their reputation, and ready, according to his ability, in every season of trial, to lend them an helping hand.

Shall I be pardoned, and acquitted of trespassing, at least intentionally, upon the proprieties of the occasion, if I dwell, for a little time before I close, upon those other features in the Mission of Woman, to which in the outset I adverted?

2. Let us look then, in the second place, at woman in the double character of wife and mother.

O sacred name of wife! O holy name of mother! Fountains of happiness to the race, charged high with blessing by the hand of the benevolent Father of us all, and perverted to wretchedness only by

he depravity of man. Names these, expressive of relations which are the natural and noblest destiny of woman upon earth.

Far be it from me to cloud, even with the "shadow of a shade," the dignity of their vocation, who prefer to link themselves by other ties to the welfare and progress of our race. They too have their duties, their sphere of usefulness, their peculiar facilities for beneficent action, their claim to grateful consideration on earth, and the high rewards of duty done, in heaven. Bright names adorn their annals also, names which the world will "hasten slowly" to forget. The Beechers, the Sedgwicks, the Goulds, the Adamses of our own country; the Taylors, the Aikinses, the Edgworths, the Porters, the Mores of our country's mother-land,—illustrious names, one and all. If the works of a single one of them should perish by the hands of some modern Omar, all Saxondom would feel that the firmament of the world's genius had lost a star. Such names serve to demonstrate the position, which might be proved by less conspicuous examples, that, even though isolated, woman may shine as a "bright particular star," the cynosure of all eyes and the blessing of all hearts.

But most fully still, most beautifully and most beneficently does woman fulfill her destiny, when as the central luminary of the family constellation, her face glows with the soft radiance of conjugal affection, her heart burns with the undying fervors of maternal love. No system of female education therefore, which should overlook this natural and noblest destination of the sex, could, by any possibility, be pronounced perfect. The problem of human existence, so far as it presents itself to the eyes of mortals, has been beautifully stated by the Persian poet Hafiz, in a single stanza, the exquisite translation of which by Sir William Jones, is doubtless familiar to you all.

> "On parent's knees, a helpless, new-born child,
> Weeping thou satst, whilst all around thee smiled;
> So live, that sinking in thy last, long sleep,
> Calm thou mayst smile, whilst all around thee weep."

Infant germ of immortal being! What a microcosm of thought and feeling, of joy and woe, of blessing and cursing lies undeveloped in thy bosom! What shall be thy future history, young candidate for the homage or the execrations of the world, for the raptures of heaven or the agonies of perdition? Solemn thoughts come crowding into my mind, as I gaze upon thee. That infant heart of thine,

which has just begun to beat, shall the harpies of evil passion tear it? Shall the impurities of vice stain it? Shall the snaky scourge of remorse lacerate and torture it? Or, shall benevolence toward man inspire it? Shall the pursuits of virtue ennoble it? Shall the love of God, our Heavenly Father, sanctify and bless it forever? — That taper of young life, which has just been lighted, shall the oil of right feeling and correct principle feed it? Shall the atmosphere of purity and love sustain it? Shall its pencil of light grow stronger and steadier and more effulgent along the path of earthly duty, till its brightness mingles with the splendors of heaven? Or, kindled into a fierce and angry glare by the baleful stimulents, of noxious principles, vile influences and evil associations, shall it flame unblest along its pathway of wickedness; darting irregularly from side to side, to seek out and ignite the mephitic gas of crime, which collects and swelters at the bottom of society? till at last it suddenly disappears from mortal view; apparently quenched, it may be, in violence and blood; but, in reality, to burn on forever, kindling to a fiercer intensity the fires of perdition. Such opposite destinies, thou bud of infinite bliss or of unutterable woe, are now before thee. Who shall predict the probable issue? Let some one whisper in my ear the character of the mother beside thee, and I will be thine astrologer. The light of her smile shall first greet thy brightening intelligence. The power of her influence shall first fall, like dew, upon thee. Thy character shall feel, first of all, the gentle pressure of her forming hand. Her principles shall first make a lodgment in thy bosom. Her tastes shall be thy tastes. Her loves, her antipathies, her tempers, her knowledge, her ignorance, her wisdom, her folly shall in all probability be thine. Is she a woman of sense? who prefers the calm retreat of domestic happiness, of maternal duty, to the giddy frivolities of fashion; is she a woman of piety? who knows how to pray, and to guide thine earliest foot-steps to the altar of her God; then, with the blessing of that God, art thou safe. Such were the mothers of the May Flower; the mothers of the founders of the American Empire. Such was the mother of Washington, of Adams, of Edwards, of Dwight, of Witherspoon, of Roger Sherman. Such were not the mothers of the encyclopedists of France; of the founders of the French Republic. Such, I venture to say, were not the mothers of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Byron

and Shelly, of Benedict Arnold and of Thomas Paine. I have barely stated the law of maternal influence. I know that other causes may intervene to modify its results. I know that like all laws, it has its exceptions. But the longer I live, the more perfectly am I satisfied that the exceptions prove the law. I must not enlarge upon the theme. Let me ask however, in all seriousness, has society nothing at stake in the results of a process like this? Can society safely throw upon woman responsibilities, such as these, whilst yet it does nothing to discipline her native powers, to purify her taste, to fortify her principle, to inspire her with a love of the beautiful and the good? nothing to rectify the obliquities of character produced by the errors of early influence? What, said Madame de Stael to Bonaparte, does France most need to make her happy? MOTHERS, madam, was the emphatic reply of the conqueror of nations. And mothers in a sense still higher and still more emphatic than a conqueror could employ it, is it literally true. Yea more; let no nation, however happy now, expect to remain so, whilst neglecting to educate that influence which lies all round about the roots of its civilization.

Bear with me a little longer, whilst I speak a word in regard to the relations of education to the Mission of Woman in the character of wife. There is, in my apprehension, a vast deal of pseudo-wit, I had almost called it arrant nonsense current in society, retailed in newspapers, vended in steam-boats and stage-coaches, and sometimes repeated in higher places, sneering at the influence of books on this relation of woman, ridiculing blue-stocking ladies, magnifying the virtues of pies and puddings and tarts and ragouts, and jellies and blanc-manger, and omelettes aux confitures, and paté de foie gras. Shame O man, on thy epicurism! And shame still more on thy sense and thy powers of observation! Shame, I say, on thy epicurism. Art thou all palate, with no brains, that thou needest a wife to minister food to thine appetite only, and none at all to thy spirit? Shame on thy sense, and thy powers of observation. Hast thou never read it in the biographies of good wives; hast thou never noted it in thy travels and in thy visits, that the best educated and most intelligent wives are also the most tidy, economical, ambitious and expert housekeepers? If thou hast not, I commend thee to the use of thy reason and thy senses. Verily thy miserable sen-

suality is over-reaching itself. Thou art cheating thy palate as well as thy soul by thy senseless crusade against the cultivation of woman's mind. Make now thine observations, and thou shalt find that I have stated the law, and that, as before, the exceptions will serve only to prove it.

But both the body and the mind of woman, like the body and the mind of man, must have their hours of relaxation and repose; if you please, their seasons of amusement and recreation. Wilt thou, O man, dare to refuse it? What! thou brute, wilt thou, in the holy character of husband and protector, reduce the wife of thy bosom to a slave? to that fearful condition of the sex so beautifully painted by Hood, in the Song of the Shirt?

"Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

O! men, with sisters dear!
O! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!"

No thou art bound to love, cherish, protect, honor, support her.—And thou wilt not prove recreant to thy most sacred obligations. The wife must have her seasons of relaxation; her hours of mental and physical refreshment and recreation. How shall they be employed? That is the question. They must be employed in pursuits suited to her taste or she is wretched and thou art wretched with her. Figure to thyself now a woman, without mental cultivation, with no love for books, with no resources of thought, with no taste cultivated by early study for the great, the beautiful and the curious in nature. How will she probably desire to be amused? I will tell thee. She will tax thy purse for finery, for she must be fashionable. She will tease thee for more elegant furniture, for she must be genteel. No matter what the expense may be, she is not the keeper of thy purse. No matter how slender thy income may be, she knows nothing of thy resources. Balls and routs and nocturnal

parties are her delight. She must trip it "with light fantastic toe"; she must breathe the heated air of the assembly-room till the noon of night is past. In her gauzy attire, she must then return, exposed to the chill winds and the falling dews, it may be, to the driving rains, of mid-night. The next day's neglected family duties, the next day's head-ache a fever or incipient consumption, to be relieved perhaps by an expensive journey to some fashionable watering-place, these things have no possible connection, of course, none in the world, with such wretched expedients to relieve the ennui of empty heads and of emptier hearts.

The woman of cultivated mind, on the other hand, will find her sweetest relaxations in conversing with the great minds of other days, in seasonable social intercourse with those who prefer "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," to the feast of comfits and the flow of wine, in studying and analyzing the works of nature, in instructing her children, in exchanging with her husband the products of her mental industry for his, in lightening his cares, stimulating his efforts and blessing his hours of domestic retirement. The peacock struts abroad to display the gaudiness of its argus-eyed plumage in the streets, and screeches its dissonant falsettos at home.—The nightingale, ever clad in its sober suit of russet-brown, pours its sweetest and most heart-felt melodies within the leafy canopy, which embowers its nest. I have somewhere seen a book entitled,—Three experiments in living; living within one's income; living up to one's income; and living beyond one's income. Judge ye in which of these catagories each of these two families will be likely to fall.

A wife of the latter description, the man of letters, the professional man, the man in public life must have, if he has any, or he is undone. Be assured, ye fathers and mothers, he will not thank you, at the end of the honey-moon, for having tickled his fancy with the finery of your daughter, and palmed off upon him for life a painted butterfly. He must have, in a wife, more solid qualities. He must have cultivated mind. Dr. Dwight is reported, on one occasion, to have said to a class of his pupils: "Gentlemen, I have been, as you know, more than ordinarily successful in life. Under God, I owe that success to the benign influence, the powerful stimulus of the good sense and cultivated intellect of my wife."

I have referred, in a former part of this address, to the remark of La Place upon finishing his great work the Mècanique Cèleste.—That work, within the last few years, has been given to the world by an American scholar, who spent the best part of a long life laboring in seclusion, far down among those great, though hidden wheels of thought, which move and regulate the surface of society; its commerce, its manufactures, its agriculture, its professions, its every great interest; wheels whose power and perhaps whose very existence the multitude, whose movements they control, little suspect. The Mècanique Cèleste, in its English version, doubled in value as well as in size by the translator may be found in a few of our public libraries. It is published in four stupendous but beautiful quarto volumes; and it will transmit the names of its author and its American commentator to posterity on the same page with those of Newton and Leibnitz. That work owes its existence to a woman; a woman of whom I never think but with a mingled feeling of admiration, pride and reverence, approaching almost to awe. If you have ever seen the work, you found at the opening of the fourth volume, her portrait, side by side with that of her illustrious husband. It is a face once seen, never to be forgotten. Its womanly dignity, its lines indicative of cultivated intellect, its sweetness of expression, its matronly beauty form a picture to be hung up in the chambers of memory and gazed at with admiration forever. On the following page read the dedication:

"This translation and commentary are dedicated by the author to the memory of his wife,

MARY BOWDITCH,

who devoted herself to her domestic avocations with great judgment, unceasing kindness and a zeal which could not be surpassed; taking upon herself the whole care of her family, and thus procuring for him the leisure hours to prepare the work; and securing to him the means of its publication in its present form; which she fully approved; AND WITHOUT HER APPROBATION THE WORK WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN UNDERTAKEN." I bless thee, Mary Bowditch, all Christendom blesses thee, that thou wert a good wife.

I might easily name other kindred spirits, in every vocation of life. Such, each in her sphere, was the wife of Flaxman, of Gro-

tius, of Howard, of Judson, of Lavalette, of La Fayette, of Luther, of Oberlin.

Place such a woman at the head of a family. Let her heart be deeply imbued with the principles of the Bible, and you have a scene forming the nearest approximation to heaven, which will ever be witnessed on this guilty earth. The transition from such a scene to heaven is easy, I had almost said imperceptible. The progress of one such transition, and one only, has it been my privilege to watch, in the case of a young wife who passed early away from her heaven below to her heaven above. I had witnessed her whole course as a wife. Her house was the abode of comfort, not of luxury, of hospitality, not of parade. It attracted to it the lovers of quiet order, of intellectual improvement, of christian feeling. Her public walks were walks of usefulness and love. I was summoned by her husband at midnight to her dying bed. It was a scene of holy quiet. When I entered, her eye was shadowed with the films of approaching dissolution. But it soon brightened as she summoned her strength to bear her last testimony to the power of religion; to the grace of God bestowed upon the dying Christian. She spoke calmly of "life's labor done." She spoke of heaven, and her eye kindled with a supernatural lustre. She spoke of bliss, joy, glory, and unable to express her dying raptures, she burst into a song of praise. Exhausted by the effort she sank back, and though she still gazed on all with looks of intelligence and affection, she said little more.

"We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed: she had
Another morn than ours."

Such was the death-bed scene of a good wife; * the wife of a scholar. I forbear to adduce further examples.

* There can be no impropriety in stating that the exceilent character referred to in this passage was Mrs. Sarah Hays Andrews, daughter of Curtis Clark, Esq., of Danbury,

Nor is cultivated mind in woman less needed at the head of families whose masters are engaged in the multitudinous pursuits of business. I have already shown the tendency of the progress of society to elevate individual man in the scale of intellectual life. I have shown it in the example of the wool-grower. The principle operates still more widely. The pulse of that life is beginning to beat through Christendom, and woe to the family which is the last to feel it. Its tendency is to reach the whole mass of society. But, let me ask, is the husband alone to grow intellectually and the wife to be left stationary? Is such a condition of things compatible at all with that sympathy which forms the basis of the happiness of the domestic circle? Who will not answer, no. Let woman be elevated here and every where. Let her intellect be unfolded. Let her taste be purified. Let her moral sensibilities be quickened into spiritual life. So shall she bless her husband, bless her family, bless society, bless the race. The attempt to show the necessity and power of Female Seminaries, properly furnished, properly conducted, properly appreciated by parents, in the production of this result; in fitting woman for her entire mission of beneficence in the triple character of teacher, wife, and mother, I am persuaded would be superfluous. Let all the good then, all the philanthropic, all the intelligent watch over these institutions, cherish them, pray for them, patronize them, sympathize with their teachers, not requiring at their hands brick without straw. Let them not send their daughters three days in the week and expect the results of six, or six months in the year and expect the results of twelve. Let them supply their defects, correct their obliquities, and make them in all respects what they should be to bless woman, and through woman our entire humanity.

I am sensible I have trespassed upon you patience. Pardon the prolixity of my zeal in a great and good cause. But I cannot stop, until I have given expression to one emotion which lies here at my heart struggling for utterance. We are accustomed to speak with veneration the names of such men as Yale and Harvard and Wil-

Conn., and wife of Prof. I. Ward Andrews, of Marietta College. She died at Marietta, O., in Dec. 1840, at the early age of 24, universally beloved and deeply lamented.

The writer avails himself of this incidental reference to his name, to acknowledge his indebtedness to Prof, Andrews for the just and striking paragraph on the qualifications of teachers, quoted upon a former page.

liams and Phillips and Hollis and Williston and Appleton and Lawrence. They are names which will live forever in the memory of American scholars as the munificent benefactors of our American colleges. There is one other name which I wish to pronounce in the same high connection; the name of a kindred spirit, whom I never saw, but for whose memory I cherish an equal veneration. It is a name which will be borne forever on all the streams of blessed influence, which are destined to issue from the seminary whose anniversary we celebrate. Without undervaluing the labors of others in the same noble work, without designing the least injustice to others, either the living or the dead, I shall venture to conclude by uttering the sentiment which rushes from my heart to my lips, HONOR TO THE MEMORY OF EUNICE BUCKINGHAM.*

[* Mrs. Buckingham the benevolent lady above mentioned, was the widow of the late Ebenezer Buckingham, Esq., of Putnam. Besides being a benefactor of the poor, contributing liberally during her life to the various benevolent objects of the day, and leaving them large donations at her death; Mrs. B. gave about $10,000 for the erection of the Female Seminary in Putnam, and left, by her last will, $10,000 more, the interest of which is to be applied forever, to the purposes of female education.]